Campfire Tales

OF THE LEAVES.

O leaves with little language sweet,
I entreat, entreat:
O leaves with little language gay,
What saw you to-day?
"We saw a stranger that pleaded naught
Look long at a lady that needed naught
As she passed on her way and heeded naught—
That's what we saw to-day."

O leaves with pretty whispering speech
I beseech, beseech:
O leaves, little language gay,
What more saw you to-day?
"We saw the man's heart bleed a while,
We saw him play on a reed a while,
And he laid him down on the mead a while,
Till death took him away."

O leaves that make my heart so sore,
I implore, implore:
To-day you saw much things of sorrow,
What will you see to-morrow?
"To-morrow the lady will linger there
She'll touch the reed with her finger there,
And smile at a sweet bird singer there
That learnt new notes to-day."
—A. Hugh Fisher in Harper's.

Faced Each Other as Enemies

Brigades of Union Soldiers Perilously Close to Encounter

The civil war divided many families, sometimes through sentiment, especially along the border states, frequently from the fact that a northern man happened to be in the south when the war opened and in business and the pressure brought to bear upon him drove him into the Confederate army. No doubt a number went into the confederate army from choice, though of northern birth. The following is possibly an instance of the latter kind: Among the brave soldiers of the Forty-ninth Ohio infantry was a young man named Ferguson. His patriotism was of that kind which allowed no aspersions to be cast upon it. His father had left home sometime before the war opened and was in the south, but just where was not known. The regiment went to the front in 1861, and in 1862 was at the crossing of Duck river, Tenn. The crossing was not made without a fight, a confederate regiment of cavalry hotly contesting the advance of the Yanks, but they got across just the same. Several confederate prisoners were taken. Young Ferguson got into a conversation with them, and learned that the cavalry was commanded by a Col. Ferguson. The idea struck him that possibly Col. Ferguson might be his father, and after a long talk with the prisoners, in which personal description, habits, etc., formed a conspicuous part of the talk, the Union soldier became convinced that it was his father, although he never learned further of him.

No woman is a heroine to her dressmaker.

Killed Signal Officer

First Shot of James River Campaign an Effective One

"Capt. Barnett's artillery shot at Chickamauga," said Comrade A. C. Dobbs, "was a remarkable one, but the navy has a good record in that line. On the third of May, 1864, while the army of the James under Gen. Butler was assembled at Fortress Monroe on board transports awaiting orders to proceed up the river to City Point and Bermuda Hundred, the tug Charles Chamberlain, which had been fitted up as a gunboat, was ordered to proceed up the river in advance of the fleet, and, after passing Powhattan Point, to drag the river for torpedoes.

"The tug was manned by a crew from the New York naval brigade, under command of Lieut. Harris of the navy. About noon on May 4, when between Fort Powhattan and Harrison's landing, we saw on the left bank of the river and about a half mile inland a confederate signal station or tower, on which a signal officer was operating with his flag. The crew were called to quarters, and a shell from a six-inch Parrot rifle was sent in the direction of the waving flag. This exploded before reaching its destination, and another shell with a longer fuse, was rammed home and fired at the plucky signal officer.

"This officer stood on the tower in plain view and kept his signals going. We knew, of course, that he was reporting to his superiors, and the second shot was aimed with the greatest care. It struck the tower and man and tower went down together. This was really the first shot fired in the memorable James river campaign."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Deaf and dumb brides are unspeakably happy.

Anecdotes of Osterhaus

Veteran of Thirtieth Iowa Writes of German General

"I didn't like that story of Osterhaus behind a tree," writes a Thirtieth Iowa man. "I never heard of Osterhaus getting behind anything. At Resacca our regiment was under as heavy fire as I ever experienced, when Osterhaus rode up to make an observation. Capt. Joe Smith, who happened to be in command of the line at that point, saluted the general and said: 'Aren't you afraid of being killed? You are exposing yourself unnecessarily.' 'No,' answered the general, 'I am not afraid. It is against der rules and regulations to kill a shenerai.'

"On the march to the sea Gen. Osterhaus came unexpectedly on a squad, of which I was one. We had been out foraging on our own hook and we expected trouble. Osterhaus asked explosively what we were doing and I answered that we were on our way to join the column. Then the general asked if I didn't know of his strict orders against straggling, and I answered that we did, but that we saw an opportunity to capture a goose and couldn't afford to miss it. The general's face lighted up and he said: 'So, a goose it is you have, you, who so well know my orders. See if you can do this: To your camp go and cook me that goose mit onions."

Bravery of B. F. Jacobs

Carried Water to Wounded Soldiers On Fiercely Contested Battlefield

Concerning the late Benjamin F. Jacobs, the famous Sunday school worker, a writer in the Chicago Post says:

"I would like to mention a good and daring deed performed by the late Benjamin F. Jacobs of this city, concerning which no reference was made in the recently printed obituary notices of that worthy gentleman.

"During the first day's fight between the armies of Gens. Thomas and Hood at Nashville, Tenn., Dec. 15, 1864, Mr. Jacobs and (I think) two other gentlemen representing the United States sanitary commission marched up and down the firing line of the brigade of which the First Board of Trade regiment of Chicago (Seventy-second Illinois Infantry) was a part, with pails of water, and gave to each heated soldier a cooling drink when he most needed it.

"For noncombatants to do such a praiseworthy act in the midst of a storm of bullets and shell was as brave a deed as I ever saw, and my regiment cheered these men again and again. Mr. Jacobs was a tall man and slender, as I recollect him, and his long-tailed coat and big, brand-new tin pail made him a conspicuous mark for the confederate sharpshooters, but he walked erect across the field of battle, and I am sure his genuine Christian courage prevented him from trying to dodge the deadly missiles, which is more than I can say for some of the rest of us who wore blue uniforms.

"I wish I knew the names of the gentlemen who accompanied Mr. Jacobs on that occasion."

Veterans of Two Wars

Men Who Served in China and the Philippines Organize

"A uniform," said the captain, "should be so distinctive that it may be recognized in fog or rain or in the moonlight. I remember in the march after Hood, when we were below Stevenson, we came upon a depot of supplies that had been burned by the rebels. The depot buildings were still burning and the men of Malloy's brigade moved forward quickly to drive the enemy off. Coming to a line of cars I saw on the other side men rushing toward the same point as ourselves. A challenge brought no answer, and I was just on the point of ordering my men to fire when I asked the men in front to what brigade they belonged. They answered Harrison's, and inquired, 'Who in thunder are you?'

"I answered, 'We are of Malloy's brigade. Where do you come from?' and it was explained that Harrison's brigade had passed the depot and marched forward some miles when the rebels cut into their rear and set fire to the buildings. Thereupon, a part of the brigade marched back quickly and met our own brigade coming up. Here was a chance for a fight between two brigades of the same Union division. In that campaign uniforms were put to hard service and some officers of high rank never appeared well in field dress.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

HEARTH AND BOUDOIR

NOTES ON TOPICS OF INTEREST TO THE FAIR SEX.

Two-Piece Gown with Princess Effect, Meant for Slim Women—Newest Recipe for Chicken Salad—Petticoats of Silk Gowns.

Silk Gowns for Petticoats.

Old silk gowns may be utilized for petticoats. The petticoat is to-day a very important part of the costume. The smartest gown may be spoiled by an ill-fitting petticoat. The best fitting is made with the habit back and an opening at the side. It has a broad circular flounce and is trimmed with ruffles or lace or silk and chiffon.

Pleated flounces are always in fashion, but if made with taffeta do not wear as well as the gathered ones.

White muslin skirts with embroidered or lace ruffles are very fashionable. The fad of the day is to wear petticoats of the finest lawn and lace frocks instead of a silk skirt.

A serviceable skirt is of dotted Swiss, with a ruffle or flounce trimmed with rows of lace put on over a deep flounce of taffeta, so that it can be taken off and washed.

Chicken Salad.

To make chicken salad after an Englishwoman's rule, a plump, nicely boiled chicken is required. Cut off the choice portions of the meat, and set them aside. Fill a border or ring mold with tomato aspic jelly (made by adding strained tomato pulp to the aspic), decorating the sides with fancifully cut bits of tomato. When set, unmold and fill the center with shredded celery and the best portion of the chicken cut in cubes. Chop and pound the inferior portion of the chicken with two tablespoonfuls of blanched almonds or of pine nuts. Add to them an ounce of bread crumbs, season with pepper and salt, and moisten with two eggs. Decorate some little buttered shell fish with bits of truffle, and press the mixture into them. Poach gently half an hour, and when cold place them round the salad. Garnish the mold with olives, and serve with mayonnaise sauce.

Tailor-Made Gown of Cheviot.

What is more fetching than a woman of perfect figure and distinguished bearing clad in a severely plain tailor-made gown? The very fact that these gowns are more rarely seen than formerly gives them a greater distinction of appearance. As they depend entirely upon cut, material and finish for effect, everything for such a gown must be carefully chosen and of the best quality. The suit illustrated was of cheviot of a very light grey, the gored skirt being of the most approved cut, close fitting in the upper portion, flaring below the knees, and finished merely by several rows of stitching of Corticelli silk in self color. The single breasted close fitting body coat had a tiny added basque, mounted at the sides with a curving hip seam. The coat collar and sleeve finish hardly to be called cuffs, showed a novel touch in a facing of smooth finished cloth exactly matching the cheviot and pierced in a Persian pattern, this being overlaid upon figured panne in very brilliant colorings, the touch of color giving the gown an individuality all its own.

Two-Piece Gown with Princess Effect.

For slender women, gowns of voile, canvas, and foulard are made up with various kinds. We illustrate a frock with the fullness at the sides and back arranged in side pleats, forming a panel effect in front, and a box pleat at the back. The lower portion fullness at the hips and back, produced in various ways, whether by shirrings, shirred tucks, or pleats of various kinds. We illustrate a frock with the fullness at the sides and back arranged in side pleats, forming a panel effect in front, and a box pleat at the back. The lower portion fullness at the hips and back, produced in various ways, whether by shirrings, shirred tucks, or pleats of

PAQUIN AND DOUCET GOWNS.

The first gown, designed by Paquin, is of white silk veiling. The skirt is plaited all round and the only trimming is a hip-yoke of points embroidered with pastilles of black chenille. The bodice is also plaited, and the collar and revers are of green velvet trimmed with embroidered points.

The other is a Doucet gown of empire green taffeta. The skirt, plaited over the hips, is finished at the bottom with five double folds, or shaped ruffles, headed by medallions of yellow Irish lace around which twine ruches of green taffeta. The plaited bodice is elaborately trimmed with the lace and ruching, and opens over a full front of white mouseline de soie, with jabot of the same incrusted with the yellow Irish lace.

of each pleat is ornamented with an elaborate applique of white cloth stitched with pale blue Corticelli silk, the material of the frock being biscuit colored canvas. Upon the upper part of each pleat is stitched a strap of taffetas of a peculiarly soft shade of blue, the stitching of this being in biscuit colored Corticelli sewing silk. True to the one piece idea, by which so many two piece gowns carry out the Princess style, the same trimming is carried up on the bloused basque, only the order here is reversed, the white cloth applique forming the yoke, and the stitched straps the lower portion of the blouse, as well as the basque. A great Louis XV knot of pale blue panne is placed at the left side of the vest, which is overlaid with the white cloth applique.

Flowered-Brocaded.

Really beautiful coats in two-thirds length are made of transparent rope veilings and other wool canvas weaves in delicate neutral shades of gray and brown. These are lined with gayly colored flowered brocades that show as full-length revers down the fronts and faintly through the open-meshed fabric all over the coat.

Pretty Neck Chains.

Neck chains of small oblong Australian sea shells are novel and pretty. Various beautiful colors are seen in the shells, a chain, however, being all in one color. Most familiar are those in a deep pearl, but the dark green and red shells tinted with pearl are rather more beautiful.

The Latest Footgear.

Colonial ties seems to have come to stay. Those in patent leather set off with a buckle of dull gilt are pretty; and for warm weather wear these ties are also seen in russets and tans. The buckles in these, usually of bright silver, are also popular for this parlish footgear.

THE GREAT AMERICAN PIE

BY KATE MASTERSON

SOME iconoclast once suggested that the auerole of rising sun that artists sometimes introduce in a sketchy way as surrounding the head of the American eagle was in reality a pie, says the New York Times.

Americanism and pie have been associated so long that the union has grown to be accepted as an indissoluble one. Of late there has been a concerted attempt upon the part of otherwise intelligent litterateurs to introduce a school of pie literature, with the evident purpose of bringing about a pie revival.

All true patriots should oppose the movement. If we must be identified with some food, let us rather choose the wild turkey of Kentucky or the products of the waving cornfields of Kansas than hitch our star to pie.

Pie really is an American evil, one from which as a nation we are now happily emerging. Pie, placed where it belongs, in the list of desserts, is lacking in all the elements that should go to make it desirable.

It is not only notoriously unhealthy, but it lacks all those subtle distinctions which should mark all foods—especially the dessert. It must always fail to be a note in tune with what has preceded it.

Persons fond of pie have a way of classing it as a diet rather than a dessert. This comes from the custom in certain sections of the country, notably the east—villages and towns where old-fashioned housewives still serve pie at every meal and also offer it as refreshment to the occasional visitor.

Pie, however, cannot be taken seriously as a food. Of course, no dessert should be serious, for that matter, but it ought to be palatable, piquant, delicate and possessed of the psychic suggestion which is part of all properly composed dishes.

The untutored mind rarely comprehends this subtle quality in food, but it is necessary, and the modern artist chef realizes that his dessert must possess tints of dawn, of sunset, the rose, the violet, as well a flavor.

To such triumphs he often adds the natural blossom that flavor may suggest or some cunningly concocted conceit which will at once bring the mind to bear upon the effect desired. The cherry blossom on top of an ice brings its beauty, as well as a troop of fragrant suggestions, to lend to tone the dish, giving it an impressionistic charm.

This is only one of the simpler ideas which will serve to illustrate what an up-to-date dessert should be. You cannot class pie in this category, nor can you even allow it the charm of fresh fruit unadorned which suggests nature and simplicity.

There are some who endeavor to associate sentiment with pie—the pie of boyhood, the pie that mother made, and so on. But pie is pie. It is what it is just as war is war—cruel no matter in how worthy a cause it may be waged.

Memories may cling to pie just as they do to turpentine, paint, cigar smoke and other things that do not in themselves possess the requisite qualifications for sentiment. The writer knows a lady who invariably bursts into tears if she perceives the odor of a cigarette. Certainly it is not the cigarette that causes her sorrow, but the memory it invokes.

We have to consider pie as a dessert, and as such it is impossible. It is heavy, harsh, loud and terrible, looked at artistically. The finish of a well-constructed dinner should suggest optimism, poetry and joy. None of these lurks in pie.

It is an admitted fact that pie eaters are all dyspeptics. Dyspepsia is more common in the country districts than elsewhere, for the reason that farmers still cling to pie and extol it. Farmers' wives dose themselves with patent nostrums for all sorts of ills, when the original cause is pie.

A pie renaissance would be worse than a revolution. It would mean an epidemic of digestive troubles, it would kill all appreciation of art in the minds of the young, and it would bring about a physical degeneration easily recognized in the form and features. Pie-faced is an eloquent adjective in its compounding. You cannot get rid of the hard facts that constitute pie.

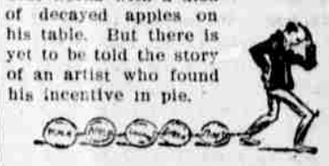
The ingredients of the crust—the airy, flaky crust—are flour and lard. A great deal of the unpleasant fat is necessary to produce the feather effect which pleases the eye and the palate only—a crude sort of enjoyment that does not reach the brain.

Every pamphlet that accompanies a remedy or a pill sounds its first warning note when it says ,"Avoid pie and pastry!" Do ye this, and all other things will be added unto you!

The effects of pie are, like those of every other injurious food, insidious. Only the student of food influences can spot the pie eater in his first stages when he is at rest.

The hardened pie eater becomes art blind. Nothing makes him glow or warms him to any enthusiasm but his chosen food. If he could take it hypodermically during business hours he would do so. The pie capsule would cheer him during his strenuous hours, giving him fire and inspiration.

No great man was ever fond of pie. No important work was ever consummated on a pie diet. Pie is a clog on the spirit and a ball and chain on the imagination. There is a legend of a famous musician who composed his best works with a dish of decayed apples on his table. But there is yet to be told the story of an artist who found his incentive in pie.



ILLUSION OF THE BRAIN.

Frequent Happening Easily Explained by Psychologists.

"Illusions," says a recent writer on psychology, "are much more frequently represented in our ordinary life than many are apt to believe. There is a well-known experience which happens to most of us on occasion, wherein, coming to a place, a room, a church, or indeed seeing any scene to which we are absolute strangers, we are impressed with a strange sense of familiarity with what we behold. Some people declare they see in it a proof of the doctrine of metempsychosis, and that the feeling was due to the reproduced memory of a 'former state of existence.' However, we may find in science a simple explanation of the incident. It is known that each half of our cerebrum, or big brain, possesses a certain independence of the other half. In ordinary life we may take it that both halfs act in unison so far, the left half appearing as the dominant factor in our brain-work. Now, if we may suppose that occasionally this unison is interrupted and that one-half of the brain is temporarily switched off—it may be only for a moment—from its neighbor, we may find in such an idea an explanation of the sensation of 'having been there before.' The left half, let us imagine, takes in the scene, its percipient cells acting in advance of those of the right lobe. A second later the right half perceives the scene, and already there is the implied consciousness of the left."

Gathering the Lavender.

About the middle half of August the lavender sheaves will be gathered in from fields of lavender in England. The real place of its nativity is southern Europe. The harvest of flowers—roses, violets, jasmine—gives to the valley of Var, in southern France, great commercial importance. England makes a bid for some of this wealth. In her famous village industry at Wallington Miss Sprules grows Provence roses as well as lavender. English climate and soil, however, will not permit of England ever rivaling the vast rose farms of Bulgaria, whence for centuries has come the world-famed attar of roses.

How Russian Peasants Live.

John Kenworthy's recent book on Tolstoi contains the following description of a Russian peasant's house: "Picture a steep-roofed, wooden cottage of one room, say twenty feet square and nine feet high, the walls inside showing the dressed logs stuffed between with moss or tow; the ceiling is of boards. Round the room, on three sides at least, runs a wooden bench, used to sit, sleep or work upon; a small table stands in the middle. In a corner stands the heart and life of the house—the stove or oven. It is a little room in itself, usually about eight feet long, five feet wide and six high, with a ledge about three feet high along its side to serve as seat, table or step to help one climb to the top. The flat top to this stove is in winter the sleeping place of the privileged old people and children. To keep the stove burning and the bread in it baking may be said to be the life's labor of the peasant family."

A woman never knows how much she loves a man until she loses him; and a man never knows how much he doesn't love a woman till he gets her.